

"IN THE PINK"A melody snatched from a Political Side Show.To the Tune-- "Y Mochyn Du" or "Grawshay Bailey"

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Come ye Folks from Moor and City,
 Harken to my humble ditty,
 On the gentle art of Bowing,
 And the grace of sleek kow-towyn.
 If I may be so bold;
 If I may be so bold;
 Since I've been a boy in buttons,
 I have done as I've been told.

Do you know I've been appointed,
 As the Premier's own annointed,
 To fulfil - though long a pouter -
 The high functions of a touter?
 If I may be so bold &c.....

At the Bridals of my daughter -
 Though I say't, as shouldn't oughter -
 We were staggered by the Honour
 Our great Premier put upon her.
 If I may be so bold &c.....

For his Secretary's daughter
 Wore the pink frock he had bought her;
 And the marvel near and far is,
 That he purchased it in Paris.
 If I may be so bold &c.....

Oh the wondrous condescension;
 That deserves eternal mention!
 That "pink frock", like Gladstone's hatchet,
 Looked in vain for aught to match it.
 If I may be so bold &c.....

Once my tongue, without a bridle,
 Slanged Lloyd George - but now I side -
 Oh my folly as a novice,
 Ere I knew the sweets of office!
 If I may be so bold &c.....

P.T.O.

Then it was on many a journey,
I denounced that Welsh Attorney,
Who, with swelled head, swaggered boldly,
And passed by Welsh members' coldly.
If I may be so bold &c.....

Then I vowed that, with affront'ry,
For his ends, he'd sell his Country;
But since I've become his lackey,
I've grand "puffs", and swags of baccy!
If I may be so bold &c.....

My Coat's turned without repinings,
For the Premier's found the "lining";
As I'm dark, just like a nigger,
The rich pink sets off my figure.

I'm the master organ grinder:
Alf Moritz is but the winder;
Though "Hugh" takes the cake" as flunkey,
And wee Edgar shines as Monkey,
I'm the Boy "in the pink"
I'm the Boy "in the pink";
I just play what Georgie calls for;
The others twig it in a twink.

Hugh and Edgar have a notion,
They will soon get high promotion;
Hugh would like my hurdy gurdy;
Say's he's handsome, swave, and sturdy -
But he dreads Lowther's frown!
Lawks! he dreads Lowther's frown!
'Twere in vain to charm domestics
If old Lowther sent him down!

Little Edgar's quick and nimble:
Just the lad to rig the thimble;
Like myself he's small of figure,
Though he fancies he's much bigger -
In the war he was shy
In the war - oh my eye -
Hugging billets, dodging bullets,
Just believe me he was fly.

Less of Israel than of Jacob,
Goes to form Moritz's make up;
And the jews harp his his fancy
For its "notes" are prized by Swansea;
But the boy in the pink,
Yes the boy in the pink,
Is the lad that Georgie calls for;
While suck their thumbs - and think!

Alan